

## WILLIAMSTOWN

Wine Only Cheap Article in France—  
Horse Meat Not So Bad.

D. C. Theriault of this town has received the following letter from his son, W. E. Theriault, written in France Jan. 27:

Have been struck by any German bullets, haven't lost a hand and am still able to get an hour or two (1) occasionally, so I can't offer anything like that as an alibi. I might lay it onto the rain, and it's been raining almost continuously since we have been in this camp, or, better still, I might lay it onto the work. On second thought, I guess I'd better plead guilty without any attempt to produce an alibi, but hope you have recalled the old axiom, "No news is good news."

At the outset, let me say the censor is really a serious person to be reckoned with, and while it might be possible to slip things by him at certain times, I believe it is best to live up to the rules.

In some cases, what we have done might be of aid and comfort to the enemy. The censorship of the 101st ammunition train is most rigid. Our trip across the pond and England is now ancient history, but it will long be remembered for many reasons which I cannot relate now. Suffice to say that that trip alone will furnish me and most of the boys vocal ammunition to "bull" about for ages after our return.

Wine? It's the only article in this country that is cheap. Oh yes, money also is cheap, for you can go out with an armload of francs and buy, say, a bar of "savoury." The water is bad and hard to get, so that naturally wine is used in its stead.

Tobacco? This French product is fierce. Thanks to the Red Cross and George Marmon, we have just received another supply to-day, which fills a long felt want. Most of us would rather smoke than eat, and French tobacco, it's like Missouri long green, with the leaves cut off and the stems left to satisfy the smoker.

I do not think things can go this way very long, and I look to see the end before spring and I will be back in mother's dining room. \* \* \* with a small portion of steak in front of me. I have a faint recollection of those funny round yellow things I used to eat there, called eggs. When we first came here, we had bread (black), but now we have white bread. We have beef and spuds, but no pork, and sometimes a little horse meat does not go very bad.

I am enclosing a few lines of would-be poetry, which we made up last year on the border and it fits pretty good over here. It runs like this: "Old horse, old horse, how come you here? You have ploughed the fields for many a year."

You have kicked and kicked and been abused. Now brought here for 1st motor company use.

Now I really haven't very much more to say, only that I am in the best of health. Don't forget to tell my male friends that when I get back I am liable to kiss them on both cheeks, as that seems to be the premier masculine greeting in the land of Napoleon.

I will close, hoping I will hear from you soon, and please write your letters a little longer because I am sure the paper must be more plentiful there than here. While waiting, I remain your loving son, Wilfred.

Please send me all the tobacco you can get hold of, cigarettes or tobacco. Regards to all who may inquire for me.

## When You Loan Money from Banks.

In an article in the February Farm and Fireside a well-known banker says: "When you ask for a loan from a bank there are three questions which must arise in the mind of the banker. They are: How much do you want? How long do you want it? What are you going to pay for it? Unless the rate of interest is fixed by law or custom, he cannot reduce his requests for information to less than these three questions."

The banker probably knows you and your long association with you or by reputation. He knows your business, your habits, your honesty, your possessions, your abilities—he knows all about you there is to know, and if his information leads him to believe that you will pay when you say you will he will lend you the money.

"He will ask: What do you want it for? How do you expect to be able to repay? Do you think you need as much as you say you do. If your answers impress the banker favorably, he may next ask himself whether he can afford to let you have so much. He must always be thinking not of himself alone, but of all the others in your community who may want to borrow and who are entitled to the same accommodations as you."

"So as the amount increases the banker's responsibilities increase, and, to secure himself against the additional risks, he will probably require, besides that of yours, the signature of one or more men equally as reliable. If the risk is still greater, he may require you to turn over to him a mortgage on your land and buildings."

## NORTH MONTPELIER

A Red Cross meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. H. J. Conant Thursday afternoon. All interested are invited to be present.

## WEBSTERVILLE.

Special train service to and from East Barre Saturday night to accommodate voters attending caucuses.

## DOCTOR SAYS VINOL IS THE BEST TONIC

Honest Opinion Doctor Gave His Patient

Bedford, Ohio—"I was in a pitiful condition, weak, nervous and run down so I could not do my housework. I had doctor for years and tried everything under the sun. A friend told me about Vinol. I asked my doctor about it, and he replied, 'It certainly is the best medicine that can be had to-day. I couldn't give you any better.' I took it, and to-day I am as well and strong as any woman could wish to be, and it was Vinol that saved me."—Mrs. Frank A. Horkey, Ash St., Bedford, Ohio.

We guarantee this famous cod liver and iron tonic for all such conditions. Red Cross Pharmacy, Floyd G. Russell, Prop., and at the best drug stores in every town and city in the country—Adv.

## FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

Spend 10 Cents! Don't Stay Bilious, Sick, Headachy, Constipated

Can't Harm You! Best Cathartic for Men, Women and Children

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel better. Take a Cascaret to-night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fit. Mothers can give a whole Cascaret to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken—Adv.

## BETHEL

Julius C. Moriarty Has Leg Broken When Hit By Sliding Ice.

Julius C. Moriarty, teamster for the Bethel Chrome Tanning Co., was unloading salt at the beam house last Friday afternoon when a slide of ice and snow from the roof occurred and a leg was pinned between ice and the sleigh runner, breaking the small bone several inches above the ankle with what is known as a Pott's fracture. Dr. F. A. Edmunds was called, the injured man was carried home and after the fracture was reduced his leg was placed in a cast and he will be laid up for some time. Mark O. Chamberlin is taking his place on the team.

At the Rebekah meeting to-morrow evening at Odd Fellows hall the quilt will be drawn and there will be a public whisky party.

Miss Evelyn Sargent of Woodstock visited from Saturday to Monday at F. B. Southworth's.

Whitcomb high and graded schools will omit their usual Easter recess this year, conforming to the wishes of Commissioner M. B. Hildes, and the closing of the school will occur May 23 instead of June 6, releasing a large number of students for farming and gardening about as early as much can be done on the land in most seasons.

Robert E. Bundy, who had enlisted in the signal corps of the army, is in Burlington to begin to-day a course in the second training school for the signal corps at the University of Vermont.

A recent letter from Corp. Paul F. Wilson tells that he is in the hospital at Camp Devens with a broken toe, the accident having been sustained during a basketball game.

## WASHINGTON COUNTY FARM BUREAU ASSOCIATION.

Notes for Week Ending Feb. 16.

Calls at headquarters, 61; letters written, 20; farm visits made, 4; meetings, 3; attendance, 78; miles traveled, 40.

## Exchange Activities.

The Farmers' Co-operative exchange is proving the benefit that it should. The work is going along nicely. The membership is gaining every day. We have been able to secure a few more bushels of grass and clover seed at the old prices from the surplus of the Caledonia exchange. Better get your order in before it is gone, as this will be the last that can be had at the old prices.

The exchange of chemicals consigned to Marshall station, for Marshfield and Cabot arrived Thursday and was unloaded Friday and Saturday. These chemicals came in good shape and the members are pleased with the prompt service. This contained over 30 tons at an average cost to the members of about \$28 per ton and will be made up at home into (2-10) and (3-10) formulas besides some that will be used as clear acid phosphate. Compare this with the prices that you are paying for the mixed goods.

The first shipment of grass seed and clover has arrived, nearly \$2,000 worth, and will be rebagged and ready for delivery to the members within a week or ten days. More shipments of seed are on the road and a 100-bushel order of corn will be shipped this week from Massachusetts. Nearly 300 bushels of corn have been ordered by members.

The exchange has been able to obtain a small order of one-gallon syrup cans and 10-pound sugar pails. Fourteen hundred of the cans have been received here and there are 1,000 of the pails on the road. These are going fast, better get in your order. The price is considerably better than you can get from retailers. Call up or write for the prices.

Notice to city families who are burning wood: Save the ashes. Many farmers who come to the office want to purchase wood ashes. They will pay 50 to 75 cents a barrel for clean wood ashes. I would suggest that the city families who are burning wood take pains to keep the wood ashes separate from the coal ashes and report the amount that they have to sell to this office. We can sell them for you readily and you will be helping the farmers grow better crops.

F. H. Abbott, County Agent.

## A QUESTION

By Clinton Scollard of The Vigilantes. There have been powers malignant and malign. About us during these discordant days, Satanic workings, features saturnine. Veiled in a friendly haze.

Soft-tongued hypocrites, these have whispered low; And traitor heresies, these have clamored loud; There have been hands to deal the treacherous blow Light lightning from a cloud.

We have been patient, and are patient still. And yet, my brothers, comes there not a time When patience and forbearance and good-will Are little short of crime?

We do not spare the serpent, nor excuse The deadly treachery leaping from its lair; I wonder would it not be well to use A halter here and there?

## GRANTEEVILLE.

Special train service to and from East Barre Saturday night to accommodate voters attending caucuses.

## ORANGE COUNTY FARM BUREAU.

Notes for Week Ending Feb. 16.

The more information gained regarding the seed corn situation the more alarming it seems. Silage corn and good varieties are especially short and dealers are securing only southern seed in many cases. Local grown flint will be more valuable when obtainable. All who have even crib corn which promises well for seed are urged to save all they can for this purpose rather than to feed out. There will be a demand for it later. The farm bureau plans to publish in its quarterly March a list of seed corn and other seed obtainable in the county. Members are being sent cards to fill out to be returned to the county agent before March 1. In the interests of the farmers and to make this as valuable as possible to all, those who are not members are urged through the newspapers to co-operate by sending in their names to the county agent at Randolph if they have seed of any kind to spare. Later they can send there for information where seed may be obtained. Make the farm bureau office a clearing house of information regarding local seeds.

Farmers' clubs at West Newbury, West Fairlee Center and West Bradford met this past week. The county agent is glad to report a successful meeting in all cases. He wishes to make note in particular of the interesting discussion on small grains carried out at the meeting at West Newbury. The experiences of the local growers are more valuable than those in more distant places under varying conditions. Let us have more of these real discussions among the local clubs.

Miss Pierpont, in charge of home demonstration work in Vermont, spent several days with Miss Dutton, visiting the various clubs. Miss Pierpont is urging the completion of our organization so we can plan for the coming year. Local support is necessary to make a work of this nature a success.

Various rumors are heard in different parts of the county about the action of the food administration concerning the sale of farm food and sugar products. These rumors are often disquieting and make for a lack of co-operation. Any information on these points will be announced in the papers over the signature of some competent authority when it comes. Rumors are often spread by German propagandists who are trying to discredit the food administration. It is safe to follow in is to consider rumors with discredit until found with the signature of proper authority.

Recipe for the week: Buckwheat Spice Cake—One-fourth cup fat, three-fourths cup sugar, one egg, one cup sweet milk, one cup buckwheat, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon vanilla, one-fourth teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder and a few raisins. Buckwheat thickens so much one cup is enough. Combine in usual way for a spice cake.

Summary for week ending Feb. 16: Mr. Loveland—Days in field, 5; days in office, 1; calls at office, 2; letters, 8; farm visits, 9; meetings, 3; attendance, 27; miles traveled, 179; Miss Dutton—Days in field, 5; days in office, 1; calls, 2; letters, 6; meetings, 5; attendance, 125; miles traveled, 219.

E. H. Loveland, County Agent.

## SWEET-POTATO DISEASES

Controlled by Selection and Treatment of Seed, Careful Preparation of Hotbed, and Crop Rotation.

Sweet-potato diseases may be controlled, according to the advice of the pathologists of the United States department of agriculture, by giving attention to the careful selection and treatment of the seed potatoes, to care in the preparation of the hotbed, and to crop rotation.

Disinfect Seed Potatoes. Before the potatoes are bedded they should be carefully picked over and any showing rotten end, black-rot spots, or wounds over the surface should be thrown out. After the seed potatoes have been selected they should be disinfected for five to ten minutes in a solution of mercuric chloride, made by dissolving one ounce of the crystals in eight gallons of water. If mercuric chloride is not available, or for some reason it is objectionable, the potatoes may be disinfected by immersing for five minutes in a formaldehyde solution (40 per cent., one pint to 240 pints of water. It is preferable that this work be done on a warm day, so as to prevent chilling the potatoes as much as possible. The potatoes should be put in the bed as soon as they have been disinfected. They may be slightly injured by either of these treatments, with slight reduction in germination, but the advantages to be gained in disease prevention offset these slight losses.

## New Soil for the Hotbed.

A new hotbed should be made each year. The old soil should be carted away and new soil or sand secured from the woods or from some field where sweet potatoes have never been grown. All rubbish about the bed that might contain disease germs should be raked up and burned or carted away. If manure is used in the bed as a source of heat, care must be taken to see that diseased or rotted sweet potatoes have not been thrown upon it or that it has not been subjected to infestation by germs from other sources.

Rotate the sweet-potato crop. If possible, plant the healthy plants on ground where sweet potatoes have not been grown for at least three years.



You can't think clearly when your head is "stopped up" from cold in the head, or nasal catarrh.

Try Kondon's to clear your head (at no cost to you)

50,000 have used this 25-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore throat, coughs, colds, sneezing, nose-bleed, etc. Write for complete directions, or buy tube at drug store. It will benefit you four times more than cold cream, or we pay money back. For trial can free write to KONDON MED. CO., MANHATTAN, N.Y.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

## BRONCO BILL

By JANE OSBORN.

Old Peter Hoppleton, the owner and editor-in-chief of the Morning Standard, was in one of his rainy-day moods. The events of the day only made him moodier. In the first place, when he arrived at noon he was greeted in his own office by Miss West, the society editor, who wore a troubled expression.

He answered her good morning with something that sounded very much like a bear's growl. "What right have you to look grouchy?" he asked. "You're young and healthy and all you have to do is to draw your salary. You don't have to take any risks. You don't have to worry, you don't have the gout or rheumatism. What's the matter now?"

"Only that I have to have a new assistant." Another bear growl. "What did you do with the last one? Wasn't she good enough for you? See here, young lady, I can't spend all my time getting you assistants. Is it my fault they quit?"

"She got married—that's what they all do. And it puts me in an awful fix. There are two charity balls to 'cover' tonight, a coming-out party every day next week and three 'the dancings,' besides all sorts of smaller affairs. What I wanted to ask you, Mr. Hoppleton, if whether you think it would be a good idea for me to have a young man. You see, the girls are not reliable. They are so likely to get married."

"No reason why they should," Mr. Hoppleton growled. "You don't get married, do you?" And then, more gruffly still: "And you are a peckish lot prettier than any of the assistants. You don't get married—you stick to your job. What's the matter with the girls nowadays? Don't they appreciate a good job? Haven't they any brains at all?"

"May I have a man reporter?" Margaret persisted. "I know other society editors always have girls, but a man you can be severe with, you can ask him to work late every night in the week and you can boss him around without having to be afraid of offending him. And when a man gets married he just has to work all the harder."

"Good idea! Now get out and let me alone. I'll send to the city desk right away and have a cub sent to you at once."

"Please be sure that the cub has evening clothes," said Margaret, leaving.

Old Hoppleton was still growling when Bronco Bill strode leisurely and with perfect assurance into the office. But the uncle did not at first recognize in the tall, lanky, broad-shouldered figure, still clad in the soft shirt and soft hat of the Texas rancher, his nephew, William Hoppleton.

"Good mornin', Uncle Pete," quoth the nephew, seating himself unbidden astride the only vacant chair in the room. "I dare say you are some surprised to see me." He put out a large tanned hand and vigorously shook the hand that the uncle extended rather gingerly.

"Well, I'm here for a job. That's about the size of it. Oh, yes, ranchin's all right but it gets lonesome, durned lonesome. So I just hired a rancher and his wife—it isn't half bad when a fellow's got a wife and a brood o' young ones—and I came East. Now I'm countin' on gettin' into this newspaper game. What sort of a job have you got to offer me?"

"There isn't a blessed thing," replied the uncle. He rather liked the young man's breezy manner and would have helped him if he could have done so to his own advantage. "No, there isn't a thing, though there may be later."

"Then I suppose I'd better be goin'," replied the nephew. "No, thanks, I'm not strapped by a long shot. Good morning!" And he held his hand out again. But the uncle did not shake it. The telephone bell at the side of his desk had been ringing, and instead he took off the receiver.

"Yes, yes," he growled. "I know. I haven't forgotten. I'll try to get you a man. This afternoon sure. I am not sure the city clerk can spare one, but I'll tell the city editor when he comes in to dig up a green one that you can break in." And then he banged the receiver down. His nephew had taken his seat again.

"Well?" he queried. "There's one o' our men wantin' someone. What's the matter with me? I'm green enough, ain't I?"

The uncle knit his brow for about a minute. "Yes, you're green enough and then some," he said, and for a moment his grumpiness was lost in the suggestion of a smile. "Report to room 455 and tell the party I sent you—that out the man. And as soon as you get a chance go and get dolled out the way they tell you to. That cowboy make-up won't do, you know."

It was half an hour later and Bronco Bill was sitting at Margaret West's side, and Margaret West was laughing. "Well, why don't I do? Ain't I green enough? Ain't I eager enough? Haven't I showed you I could write the typewriter? Didn't I learn how before I came East—when I was takin' that correspondence course in journalism? See here, young lady, I never had a girl beat me at anything, and I don't kind o' like havin' you sit there and laugh at me as if I was some sort o' new and strange animal that they had just annexed to a zoological park. The boss of this paper has appointed me to the job, and so far as I can see all you've got to do is to give me a line on what's to be done and then stand back and watch me do it. You said you wanted a man, didn't you? Well, I'm a life-size man, ain't I?"

"Please, Mr. Hoppleton, it isn't that I don't think you can do it. I am not laughing at you. I'm just laughing because I don't see why you ever left the ranch to go into this stupid newspaper work. Why, if I ever got out in this wonderful ranch country

with all the air and sunshine there isn't a newspaper job in the world that would tempt me."

"You're right there. The sunshine and the sky are all you say are, but you'd get lonesome same as I did. You'd quit if you were out there all alone. Well, I'm going right over to get the clothes I need. Write it out so the man in the store will know what to hand me. The boss will foot the bill, so don't get nervous about how much it will cost."

It was a week later and Bronco Bill was on the job when Margaret arrived at 11 in the morning. In fact, he had been there since an early morning hour. Ranch life had accustomed him to early rising, and the late hours in the newspaper routine had not changed his habits.

"Now, don't be offended because I've got my stiff collar off, girl," he said, pointing to the multi-colored handkerchief that he had loosely tied around his collar band. "I'll keep the bolied razor-edge one on when I'm coverin' things. And right here in our office it doesn't matter."

"But suppose some society woman comes in with a dinner list or something? Suppose Mrs. Vandevere?" The telephone rang and the assistant answered.

"Yes," he shouted. "What do you want. Go on, fire ahead. I've got the pencil handy. Say, spell the name, lady. Not so fast—I ain't no dictaphone."

Margaret snatched the receiver from the hand of her assistant. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Vandevere," she cooed. "Yes, this is the society editor," Margaret scowled meaningfully at the assistant over the phone and then, putting her hand over the mouthpiece, said: "This is the way you ought to answer."

"Yes, Mrs. Vandevere. Your dinner guests for tonight will be—yes, thank you. I am sure it was very kind of you, Mrs. Vandevere, to let me have the names, and please don't be cross with the office boy who took up the phone. He is very green and he was just trying to help."

"Call me an office boy again," shouted Bronco Bill, jumping to his feet. "Say, look here, girl. I like you. I'm darned fond of you and just for your sake I got into these swallowtails and that durned walter's outfit and I've been hanging around at Irish wakes and Dutch picnics and bal masques every night for a week, and every afternoon I've been watchin' a lot of palefaced tenderfooters waitin' around till I was so mad I wanted to shoot the town up. Gosh, why them fellers don't get out and work in the daytime is more than I can see. And I've just had enough of it. I've got to the last barbecue. I kinder wanted to help you out 'cause I thought you were tryin' to handle a job that was a little too much for you, but you turn round and call me an office boy and you and I part company. Either I stay here as the boss of the ranch and you be the assistant and do it my way, or I'll quit. I'm no greenhorn."

Suddenly Bronco Bill stopped very still. For the girl at his side was doing what he had never seen another woman do in all his life—weeping like a child.

"Bill," she sobbed, "I like you, too. Honest I do, and I'm grateful to you for all you have done and I know you have tried your best, but society is no place for you. You're a regular man and ought to have a regular man's job."

Bill, instinctively, but timidly, put his arm around the girl's shaking shoulders. "I'm sorry I vexed you, girl," he said. "But you kind o' hurt my feelings. Ever since I heard you say that about the sky and the air the first day I saw you I knew that you were the girl that could make livin' on a ranch heaven. I'm wonderin' whether you would care to marry a rough guy like me and be a rancher?"

"Really," was Margaret's way of consenting, "do you know I've always been waiting for a regular man like you."

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Family Failing. The school teacher had punished Tommy so often for talking during school and the punishments had been so apparently without effect that as a last resort she decided to notify Tommy's father of his son's fault. So following the department mark on his next report were these words:

"Tommy talks a great deal." "In due time the report was returned with his father's signature and under it was written: "You ought to hear his mother."

Good People. "The Eskimos are a quiet, inoffensive people."

"I believe it. They never wished any jazz music on us, nor yet any native songs."—Kansas City Journal.

## PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE!

People Notice It. Drive Them Off with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear up when you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanse the blood, the bowels and the liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel; there's never any sickness or pain after taking them. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "a dark brown taste," a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color.

Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result. Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

## When the Ice Broke.

In a story "A Kind of a Dog-gone Christian" in the February American Magazine, this passage occurs:

"He had covered half a mile perhaps, when suddenly the lake gave out a resounding groan. Andy paused. Again he stepped forward. Once more came a groan which seemed to shiver from end to end of the sheet of ice. A sudden loud report brought him to a startled standstill. Nothing happened. Cautiously he kept on. Why, the ice was solid! Hadn't he crossed it that morning? But it had groaned then, he remembered. Yesterday had been warm; the ice had thawed. And now—the sudden cold sweat broke on his forehead—now he was carrying fifty extra pounds!"

"He stopped, terror-stricken. From all about came the groaning \* \* \* a cracking \* \* \* a horrifying battle of sounds. He was sinking! sinking!"

"The next instant he felt his footing glide from under him. Ice water rippled to his chin. He was sinking, plunging to his death!"

With a scream he let go both bags, and clutched wildly at the ice. It gave before his grasp, and his face was immersed in water. Then there came a

## MILLIONS USE IT TO STOP A COLD

"Pape's Cold Compound" Ends Severe Colds or Grippe in Few Hours

Relief comes in instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dizziness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.—Adv.

chug, and instantly he was erect on his feet. He had touched bottom. He was in water only up to his neck."

**Carter's Little Liver Pills for Constipation**  
THE GREAT VEGETABLE REMEDY PUTS YOU RIGHT OVER NIGHT  
Genuine bears signature  
Small Pill Small Dose Small Price  
Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **CARTER'S IRON PILLS**

## PARK THEATRE

Vermont's Best Photoplay House  
Matinee, 2:15 and 3:30 — Tel. 613-W — Evening, 7 and 8:30

## TO-DAY

ANITA STEWART in a special feature  
**The Message of the Mouse**

and the fourth and last episode of the official Italian war film

## On the Italian Battle Front

Don't miss this program. Attend the matinee for seats.

TUESDAY — CLOSED ALL DAY  
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20 AND 21  
TWO DAYS — EXTRA SPECIAL

## Mary Pickford

— in —  
**"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"**

The famous and well-known play and book by Kate Douglas Wiggin.